Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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America asks nothing for herself but what she has a right to ask for humanity itself.
—WOODROW WILSON

Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute. CHARLES C. PINCKNEY.

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.
—OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES.

CONFESSED

FACING the confessed results of inefficiency and incompetency in the conduct of the flax experiment, Governor Withycombe at a meeting of the state board yesterday tried to shift the responsibility for failure on his appointees and employes. He charged that Secretary Goodin of the board, and Warden Minto of the penitentiary had tried to discredit the flax industry.

A news dispatch gives the following as a part of what happened at the meeting:

The governor said: "There has been an effort to discredit it in Mr. Goodin's office and at the penitentiary. Mr. Goodin's report shows it. It is an attempt to build up a big expense account, with no offsets."

"There has been no effort in this office to discredit anything," replied Goodin. "My report shows just what has passed through this office. There never has been anything done in this office on which I have not consulted the governor, and he has known all about every action that has been taken."

Warden Minto told the governor that at the penitentiary every assistance possible has been tendered to make the experiment a success.

"No, you have not," retorted the governor. "We have had to hire teams when I know that Mr. Cornelius at the penitentiary has had teams not in use."

"Statements have been made to you that are not correct," insisted Minto. "Because we have tried to cooperate in this work.

"The first time I ever said a word to Manager Cady was when he hauled 200 tons of flax out onto the field when it was so late in the year I knew he was making a mistake. He should not have done it."

Because he had been formerly connected with the agricultural college, the governor from the beginning was given a free hand by other members of the board in directing the flax experiment. His attacks yesterday on his subordinates are sufficient evidence that the experiment is a financial failure.

If other evidence is needed, the official report of Mr. Cady, Governor Withycombe's flax expert in charge of the experiment, is enough. His report admits the failure and in it Mr. Cady does the extraordinary thing of trying to shift the responsibility on Secretary Olcott and The Journal.

Further and final evidence of the incompetency and blundering in the experiment is the unassailable fact that of the $50,000 appropriated by the legislature at the request of Governor Withycombe for the flax experiment, only $1,767.23 remains unexpended while the whole sum in sight for sale of the crop, exclusive of insurance that may be received for flax burned is $13,916.25.

The income from the crop is only $132 more than the state has paid out for labor alone on the experiment.

Much of this great waste of public funds could have been avoided. In a letter to the board last December, Secretary Olcott protested against the loose and incompetent manner in which the experiment was being conducted.

Long before that, The Journal directed the attention of Governor Withycombe many times to the incompetency and blundering in the handling of the flax. These warnings were all given in plenty of time for a large part of the flax crop to have been saved and far better financial results to have been obtained.

The only attention the governor paid to the warnings was his silly charge that they were made for political purposes. With a bull-headed belief in his own infallibility, he went on in his foolish course and an inexcusable waste of public funds has been the consequence.

If there are to be any more experiments in flax in Oregon they had better be placed under the direction of the state agricultural college, which is maintained for just such purposes.

Oregon is pre-eminently adapted to the production of flax. That was proven as far back as 1876, when samples of Oregon flax attracted wide attention at the Philadelphia Centennial. A grower at Salem produced flax fibre in recent years that was declared by European flax experts to be the equal of the best Irish and Belgian fibre. The possibilities of a great flax industry in Oregon are almost boundless.

COMING SETTLERS

NEXT week government land experts will take the field to classify the grant lands.

Former Governor West has been named as assistant United State attorney to represent the government in the payment of taxes to the various Oregon counties.

The machinery is thus already in motion for opening the lands to settlement. Nearly a million acres of land classed as agricultural is to be placed within reach of the landless. It is almost an empire of virgin soil to be opened to population and production.

America is full of land-hungry people. The rush attending the opening of the Colville Indian reservation in Washington is illustrative. Approximately 100,000 persons were applicants, though there were only 3000 claims in all and of these not more than 500 are such as would be looked upon with much favor by settlers.

There is no way to misunderstand the meaning of such a rush. The landless want homes. They will be filled with desire to people the Oregon grant lands. The 5000 claims in the grant district will be sought by thousands.

The celerity of action with which the government is proceeding is of great value to all concerned. It is opening the way for Oregon counties to be paid their over-due taxes. It hastens the day when settlers can reach the lands and when new homes and new production will spring up over a territory that is almost an empire.

It was a vision of these great Oregon areas transformed from vast solitudes into a civilized status, dotted with homes and echoing to the hum of activity and industry that stimulated The Journal and its friends and allies in the great struggle for the legislation that has opened this assuring prospect to the state.

Profits of $750,000 on war contracts have been voluntarily donated to the British government by W. F. Baldie, president of the Canadian Cartridge company of Hamilton, Ontario. Yet, in the American house of representatives, "Pat" McArthur and 139 other standpat congressmen voted against the revenue bill taxing the profits of American makers of war munitions.

WHY WE BEAM

WE BEAM with pride and satisfaction over an invitation we have just received to help promote the "Hughes Alliance" in Oregon. Some of our joy comes from being asked to work along with Miss Anne Morgan and the late E. H. Harriman's daughter for the election of Mr. Hughes to the presidency. Some more of it comes from the notice in the invitation that none but "men of the very highest character" are wanted as organizers.

Naturally it flatters us to learn that if we join in the glorious work we shall not be compelled to associate with common persons. The Hughes Alliance promises to be very select indeed. Its eliteness will perhaps compensate for its smallness.

The women's Roosevelt league has cast its fortunes with the high-toned Hughes coterie and their union is to be celebrated with a pink tea at the Astor hotel early in August. This gilded event is expected to win the hearts of New York's upper ten to Mr. Hughes. As for the common herd, the promoters do not worry about them. They will follow, it is assumed, where their social leaders go and none of them will "ask why."

In 24 hours in Chicago, 56 perished from the heat, and a dozen more of the prostrated are expected to succumb. One new-born babe in every five perishes. It occurred on the 18th day of a heat wave that is gripping all the country except the Pacific coast states. Don't complain about the Oregon showers.

STATE CENTENNIALS

BETWEEN now and the year 1921 six members of our glorious Union will celebrate the centennials of their statehood. We glean this interesting item from the Christian Science Monitor which gets up quite an editorial enthusiasm over it. The first of the celebrants is Indiana, which was originally colonized by the French. It went to the British in 1763 at the close of an Indian war, and came under the rule of the United States by the treaty of 1783 which granted our independence.

The last of the six celebrants will be Missouri, which entered the Union in 1820, being carved from Jefferson's Louisiana purchase. This extraordinary purchase has always excited the wonder of historians. Jefferson was a strong state rights man and opposed to federal concentration. He held that the United States government had no powers except such as the constitution expressly conferred.

Certainly the constitution conferred no power to buy land from a foreign power. Nevertheless when Napoleon offered Louisiana to the United States Jefferson forgot his scruples and grabbed at it, paying three millions and three-quarters for this imperial domain. The assessed valuation of Missouri alone is now a billion and a quarter and if we take in Arkansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Oklahoma and the rest of the Louisiana sisterhood, who shall compute the profits of Jefferson's bargain?

It is a happy peculiarity in our history that while most of our statesmen have been worshippers of the constitution in word they have usually been ready enough to disregard it in deed when the welfare of the country required. It is our judges who have permitted the letter of the constitution to bind their wills and impoverish their minds.

If every supreme court judge had been as ready to act upon broad national principles as Jefferson was when he came to the pinch, our history would have been brighter in many particulars and some problems which now vex us would have been solved simply and easily in their small beginnings. The spirit of the constitution is all right, at least when men like Jefferson are dealing with it. It is the letter that kills.

In the worst heat wave in five years, horses and cattle are dying in great numbers in the Middle West. The billion-dollar corn crop of Iowa is seriously threatened by the heat. Oregon weather has critics, but—

WHAT GOVERNMENT DID

AMONG the complications brought upon this country at the beginning of the war was the collapse of marine insurance.

The suddenness of the outbreak of war shook the world. Men were stupified. Finance and business throughout the earth shivered with fear. Panic hovered over every land.

The New York Stock Exchange was suspended. European nations abolished the collection of debts. For many days and nights financial America was on the verge of collapse in the worst panic ever known.

With civilization out of joint, the marine insurance companies threw up their hands. They were paralyzed with fright at the prospect of a naval warfare that would result in seizure of cargoes that would bankrupt them. They would only insure cargoes at rates that were prohibitive.

It was a situation in which there was no insurance for the wheat of American farmers en route to Europe, no insurance for the products of American mills destined for distant markets, no insurance for the foreign trade from which this and every country seeks to profit.

The marine insurance law, designed by Secretary McAdoo and urged upon congress by President Wilson was the result. Its passage was opposed and predictions of calamity to come from the undertaking were freely made. There are always predictions of calamity when the government proposes to do something which private interests have been profiting from, just as in the case of the proposal for the government to make armor plate.

For nearly two years the law has been in effect. The government has conducted a marine insurance business. The receipts in insurance fees have totaled more than $2,000,000. The losses paid aggregate something over $800,000. There is a balance on hand of more than $1,200,000. The cost of administration of the plan as organized and carried on by Secretary McAdoo has been only $20,000.

The saving in insurance rates to the producers of the country has been many millions of dollars.

You ought to have more concern in your home community than merely to seek to make material profit out of it.

AGNESS

IN HIS wanderings about the state Fred Lockley has come at last to Agness, a town on the lower Rogue river where the waters hurry by to the ocean not far away, and the green mountains tower high into the sky above. We wonder why they spell the town's name with a double s? But then English spelling is always wonderful and perhaps it is better to let sleeping dogs lie.

The name must commemorate some lovely girl who lived in that beautiful spot long ago. Perhaps she is dead now and the silent mountains veil her grave with their soft mists. "Does she smile in her sleep? It must be for some lover whose lost golden locks the long grasses now cover. Does she sigh in her sleep? It must be to deplore some sorrow the world cares to hear of no more."

Or it may be she is a mother with her children playing round her. Those children will see changes before their time comes to make the last journey. For the Rogue river country is rich in minerals and soil fertility and before a great while it will have an open door to the world.

When Secretary Olcott pointed out to Governor Withycombe last December that the flax experiment was being incompetently handled, Mr. Withycombe should have listened. Such a course would have saved Oregon much of the waste and loss that has come from the flax experiment. The governor is a man of good intentions, but he doesn't know good advice from bad advice.

Letters From the People

[Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published he should so state.]

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

A German-American's View.

Portland, July 28.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Please accept the following few words in connection with the little breakfast scrabble as it was dished up the other day by two Jewish-human-fighting-roosters, and grant me the privilege to give my opinion about the well directed incident and the cause of the same. To me it looks as if the one from Bukowina and the one from Berlin were just fighting for the biggest slice of the pie—the pie of public notoriety. I form this my conclusion on the fact that both are Jews. It surely would be the first time in history that two Israelites opposed each other without a good reason.

Personally, I am not for nor against one or the other; one I do not know at all, while from the other one I know that he only is a harmless but faithful worker for his masters, the standpatters and backward progressive element of the German-Americans.

Even so, the Germans are called the nation of the thinkers and poets. I, as one of them, frankly admit that even we, the German-Americans, have failed to do our full duty toward ourselves as well as the whole human race, but as life is eternal, nothing is lost yet. This does not mean that I stand up for th old halfway ideas of those people who wish themselves back in the good old times—which belong to the past and which we never will see again, thank God.

To get to the point of my thought, I have selected the quotation, "Fight Mit Hughes," as matter of the little discussion to express myself the nearest and clearest way.

According to the constitution of the United States, every human being, citizen or not citizen, is granted his full birthright. The birthright of a human being includes, according to my understanding, conceiving and comprehending of things in general; also the right and privilege to form his or her own opinion about the things in general and calculate upon the best means and ways to bring about a more rapid progress and developing of the human race in harmony with the present "spirit of time."

The privilege to calculate and form one's own opinions about the things in general also includes the right to express ourselves in whatever way, form or shape we see fit, as long as our rights do not interfere with the rights of other human beings, providing their rights are inside the domain of their birthright.

Selfish, personal interests, unsound motives, speculations of various kinds with the necessities of life, have forced single individuals, parties and whole nations to make laws contrary to the birthright of every human being, which is established by unchangeable, universal laws.

And now our slogan: "They Fight Mit Hughes."

Right here rises the question before my mind, which demands the following answer:

There is no use to fight mit Hughes, as long as Hughes does not state which way he wants to use our usefulness.

With the thoughts of Wilson we are fully acquainted. We all know the good he has done as well as his shortcomings. Even so, he has not done for the German-Americans as much as he maybe could have done, we must give him credit for the little he has done. Considering the fact that not the president, but Wall street, rules the United States, why should we condemn a man whose hands are tied by the very same people that criticise him? Or do the leading German-Americans not belong to the so-called "old guard"? Yes, they do! Is it not the fault of the mossbacks and standpatters of every ruling party that their platform is not more promising and beneficial to the public at large?

Again, from Wilson we know what he has done and what he is willing to do, and especially that he stands for peace.

What do we know about Hughes? Nothing whatever!

All the statement we could get out of him so far about his platform is in the form of two words. They are "Undiluted Americanism."

Here I ask the question: How many people are alike? How many do think alike?

The public in general willingly discloses the meaning of the two words except the leading papers of the Republican party. But who would be willing to guarantee their definition? Not a single one. So why should we accept their ideas about the ideas of a man who himself seems to fear his own statement.

Everyone has a right to form his or her own opinion about the great silence in which Mr. Hughes wraps himself; and even more, we also have a right to be suspicious. And why?

First. Every conscious human being realizes the great silence of the to-be great man about his platform.

Second. Everytone remembers the statement of the would-be great man called Roosevelt.

What do we know about Roosevelt, and why should we intermingle him and his "efficiency of politics" with the little discussion about Hughes?

Here I call the attention of especially the German-Americans to Roosevelt's statement which he made about the German-American aliens. He condemned and denounced said organization as no other political leader ever has done before, and branded the German-Americans as unworthy citizens and called them anything else except something good.

It is true that Roosevelt himself skillfully killed the Bull Moose, and he also buried him. But why? That is the question we should not forget to answer.

To my understanding, Roosevelt killed the Bull Moose single-handed and laid him also away, so he could plant himself as night watchman on the grave of the supposed-to-be-gone one, with the power of his party well in hand.

Comparing the last election with the coming one, we find that Bryan was the soul of the victorious Democratic party. As such he transferred his power to Wilson, to the welfare of his party. This act granted him an absolute, indisputable right to demand a reward in the form of the secretaryship of state, a position that was given him as reward for all the work he had done for his party.

Now, let us answer the following question: Who is the soul of the Hughes campaign?

This is no other man than the great would-be reformer, Theodore Roosevelt. Why did he so scientifically kill his own party, and what is the reward he will ask for the little favor? His reward is nothing but the secretaryship of the state. This, of course, is a good sized statement, but who wants to make us believe that a man like Roosevelt—selfish to the very limit, with an overgrown desire for leadership—would shift all his power to another man without any price?

Studying the history of Roosevelt in a psychological way, we find that he originates from a nation called the Ishmaelites. This race, unknown to many people, is still very numerous and powerful and has proved to be the most traitorous and deceitful people that ever lived.

To elect Hughes means nothing but to help the rough rider into the saddle.

I also would like to call the attention of the people that have learned to reason, to the following fact: Roosevelt is, according to his own statement, against the German-American aliens. Before he slaughtered the Bull Moose he stated that he would support Hughes, providing Hughes was opposed to the German-American aliens. Hughes never gave any explanation, but Roosevelt has become his supporter. This means and proves that Hughes is willing to execute the will and wish of Roosevelt.

Wilson has often appeared, especially to the German-American, as a scare-crow, but whenever we studied him near enough we found that he was only a scare-crow with the backbone of a rainworm; therefore harmless.

But that scare-crow will become alive and active in the form of Roosevelt if Hughes is elected president. And then—a hearty and well deserved good night will be the password for the German-Americans, enforced by the political night watchman, Theodore Roosevelt.

HERRMANN SCHREIBER.

Socialists in Conflict.

Portland, July 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—The publicity accorded the letter from the so-called "Socialist" party, wherein this organization is attacked, gives us an opportunity to state our case. We are called rebels. We are not ashamed of that name. To be Socialists, we couldn't be anything else. We cut ourselves adrift from the "Socialist" party because we could no longer stultify ourselves by supporting the reform policy of the organization in this state. The whole of Branch One left with us. The decision was unanimous. Dry rot of the mentality would have afflicted us just as it has those who have remained within that party. We refused to allow ourselves with an organization that stands for capitalist domination. A party advocating reforms hardly as far advanced as those in the Prohibitionist platform is not one that the working class can take much stock in.

We contend—and we are supported by the works and writings of Karl Marx, Frederick Engels and Wilhelm Liebknecht—that there should be no compromise and no political trading. We are out to explain the process of capitalist exploitation and not to act as the backs of the reformers in society. We can leave the reformation and palliation of the present system to the various philanthropists, such as Rockefeller, Carnegie and the Russell Sage foundation. The official "Socialist" party in its superficiality is seeking to modify the effects of capitalism. They deal with the effects to abolish the cause. We as Socialists point out that only by abolishing the cause can we obliterate the effects. The party in Oregon is full of people who have little knowledge of the science of Socialism. It is a party that takes in anything so long as they pay the dues into the treasury. Even then the organization is bankrupt.

We intend during the coming campaign to expose the absolute rottenness of the "Socialist" party throughout America. As John Spargo said not very long ago, "It is more corrupt than Tammany Hall." Instead of being the party for the working class, it is the happy hunting ground for parsons without pulpits, lawyers without briefs, doctors without patients, cockroach business men without customers. Its personnel, being uneducated upon scientific lines, is an easy prey to the men and women who fatten upon that ignorance.

To vote in the forthcoming election for a member of the "Socialist" party is to vote for the continuance of slavery. We are willing to find a hall, a speaker, and a large crowd for the discussion of this letter, if that so-called "Socialist" party cares to choose a champion to defend themselves against these charges.

MRS. MAE MORRIS,
Sec'y Portland Socialist Club.

Censures the Vaudeville Shows.

Portland, July 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—With the decrease in the number of first class vaudeville houses in the city, there seems to be a corresponding decrease in the quality of their programs. Having been an inveterate theatre goer for the past four years I am in a degree able to make comparative observations on the vaudeville and audience of yesterday and that of today.

There was a time when the appearance of an actor in tights caused dubious headshakes in the audience, but maids and matrons now look on with stolid indifference. On becoming familiar with the male and female anatomy, the audience sighed for greater thrills, and so to retain their patronage, "actors" produce "laughter and patter," most of it base, smutty matter which insinuates all it does not say. Many times I have seen young girls with gentlemen escorts sit with flaming cheeks and nervous hands, while even the rabble of the audience gasped at the daring "freedom of speech." Such songs are sung that it is a marvel they do not leave a curse on the throat that utters them

In time the sensibilities of the audience become blunted to this amusement and something farther down the scale is necessary to whet their appetite. If continued, will this not eventually result in a condition similar to that in England in 1642, when parliament closed the theatres as breeders of lies and immorality? Motion pictures of questionable nature have been deplored, but how much more powerful is the influence of flesh and blood presence and the human voice! As there is a board of censors for motion pictures, there should be double that amount in number and energy to pass on the songs and patter of vaudeville.

M. E. DULIN.

Concerning Sunday's Origin.

Portland, July 24.—To the Editor of the Journal—Just a few words in regard to a letter that appeared in The Journal a few days ago concerning Sunday laws. A person signing the name Viola Kaufman attempts to enlighten your readers on how we came to have Sunday as a day of public worship. She seems very poorly informed on early church history. Anyone that khows anything at all about early church history knows that Sunday was kept as a day of worship in the time of the apostles, for we read in the twentieth chapter of Acts how the Christians were assembled on the first day of the week to break bread (which means to receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper); and again, St. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, tells them to make a collection when they are gathered together on the first day of the week, for the poor Christians at Jerusalem — (gathered for divine worship, of course). And Paul tells the same thing to the Galatians. Another person, signing the name Harrison, informs your readers that it was Constantine that changed the Sabbath day. There could be many texts taken from the Prophets to prove that the Jewish Sabbath was to be abolished. Those Sabbath observers seem to attach no importance to the day that Christ rose from the dead, or the day the Holy Spirit descended on followers of Christ, known as Pentecost Sunday.

A. CARR.

The Land and Loan Measure.

Portland, July 27.—To the Editor of The Journal—It appears to me that the arguments of Robert E. Smith against the people's land and loan measure are rather hazy. He objects to the measure because it is the single tax. He objects to the single tax because it is socialistic. He could as reasonably oppose any form of cooperation on the same grounds.

Mr. Smith has not shown us anything against the measure as yet. He says, "It means the destroying of private ownership of every home, farm and other class of land in Oregon." This is misleading and untrue. The amendment does not disturb any land title in the least. It simply makes a slight change in the method of taxation, which is the unquestioned right of any government or community.

Contrary to the statements of Mr. Smith, the measure enhances and encourages the ownership of homes and farms by exempting taxes on labor products.

The biggest thing it does, in my opinion, is to make it unprofitable to hold land out of use. All those who are engaged in the latter "industry" have good reason to oppose the measure.

Business men, farmers, mechanics and all other useful members of the community will reap untold benefits if the proposed measure becomes a law.

H. A. RICE.

From One Who Gloats.

Hillsboro, Or., July 27.—To the Editor of The Journal—"Why is a Democrat" is a perennial question. The Democrat knows right down in his boots that his policy is all wrong and that his belief is founded on cussedness. He likes to hold the lines and boss things awhile, but in November, if Wilson is defeated, he will inhale the breath of prosperity and feel like a new man in a live, hustling country, the same as other people feel. And still the old question will always be in vogue—"Why is a Democrat?"

R. E. HARRISON.

Offers a Correction.

Portland, July 27.—To the Editor of The Journal—Will you please publish in your paper that the Turkish official report of the capture by Hafy Bey of the town Misurata in Libia with 200 officials, 6000 soldiers and 24 cannons is simply fantastic?

DR. CARLO VISETTI,
Royal Consular Agent of Italy.

Reasonably Safe.

From Puck.

In Memphis, a colored man was on trial for felony. The judge asked him if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him.

"No, sah," said Sambo, "I'se gwine to frow myse'f on de ignunce ob de cou't."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

A little food and a little drink, is good hot weather advice.

• •

The new coins may not be popular, but everybody will be running after them.

• •

The Deutschland will either depart in a few days or remain in Baltimore harbor. So, what's the use of worrying about it?

• •

President Wilson had an appreciative audience a few days ago when he addressed 700 postmasters, most of whom he had appointed.

• •

Just when we feel like loafing there comes the call for harvest hands. What a fine thing it would be if harvest time came in winter.

• •

Everybody seems to concede that the flax experiment was a failure except Governor Withycombe, who still loves it for what he hoped for it.

• •

The most graphic description of the fighting along the Somme is that of a wounded English officer who says the battle is like "a Belfast riot atop of Vesuvius."

• •

When Justice of the Peace White of Grant county saw a locomotive the other day, the first time in 27 years, he expressed the opinion that the styles in locomotives had changed some.

• •

Senator Penrose and Ex-Senator Crane were not appointed members of the Republican campaign committee, but past events have shown that they are both capable of doing a great deal without appearing in the dazzling light of publicity.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

"Will you recognize Main street at night after those ornamental lights are turned on?" asks the Baker Herald.

• •

What Baker is experiencing in the way of building, the Democrat calls a boom. New homes averaging in cost from $3000 to $5000 are going up, with others planned before winter sets in, the Democrat says.

• •

Crater Lake report, from Medford Sun: "The road to the rim of Crater lake is now open and cars are making the trip without difficulty. The Crater Lake Motor Car company has been engaged in breaking a road through the snow for several days and only reached the rim Sunday night."

• •

"Albany," asserts the Democrat, "is on the up-grade, regardless of the present war conditions to the contrary notwithstanding. With the furniture factory starting up under modern methods, with a first class equipment, a loganberry juice plant in operation, furnishing the best juice in the country, and its old establishments in steady operation, there is reason for being optimistic in reference to the future of the city."

• •

All cherry fans will hope the Hood River Glacier may prove a true prophet. It asks, "Have you ever eaten dried cherries?" and then goes on to say: "Although it is probable that they contain less nourishment, they are more palatable than California raisins. This new method of preserving cherries of Hood River valley has been learned this season by many housewives and we will likely see dried cherries introduced on local markets this winter. We predict that they become a permanent staple in the future."

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

89---The Caves of Josephine County

Grants Pass is the city on the Rogue river that is the gateway to the wonderful caves of Josephine county. It is a city that the tourist would find excellent headquarters of many trips. Ralph E. Riley, promotion manager of the Grants Pass Commercial club, answers a query as to the four opportunities of his city compactly:

"Replying to letter of July 18, I would by all means advise the tourist to visit the Oregon caves, 37 miles from Grants Pass, a great natural wonder, fine place to camp, and beautiful scenery on way up. Fishing near camp.

"There is fine scenery in almost every direction. Down the Rogue river through Hells Gate to the mining district at Galice is a very delightful trip of 20 miles. Fine road.

"Over the Crescent City road, through the redwoods to the ocean is another scenic trip that is very much enjoyed by all who take it. About 90 miles and scenery all the way.

"Fine trout, steelhead and cutthroat fishing in the Rogue and many smaller streams. Flyfishing for steelheads is most thrilling sport to be had anywhere."

• •

The flyfishing for steelheads of which Mr. Riley speaks cannot be enjoyed elsewhere than on the Rogue river. When he says it is the most thrilling sport to be had anywhere he probably speaks from experience. Pound for pound, the steelhead, a species of ocean going trout, is the gamiest fish that wears fins.

• •

Portland's nearest steelhead stream is the Sandy river. When one goes fishing for the fighters there he attaches a strong hook to a strong line, baits the hook with fresh salmon eggs and waits for the strike, which, when it comes, gives the confused sensation of everything happening at once. How much more exciting, then, must be the fly casting for the same kind of indomitable fish with a light rod and line.

Grants Pass' headline is, "We challenge the world on climate."

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

From the New York Evening Post.

Several facts should be borne in mind in connection with the epidemic of infantile paralysis, technically known as poliomyelitis, now prevalent in the city. They will not only make against panic, but help the public to take the proper precautions. In the first place, it is an illusion that poliomyelitis is a new, hitherto little-known disease, and that the present epidemic is of mysterious origin. For more than 70 years physicians have observed, described, and, since 1890, closely studied infantile paralysis. Epidemics have occurred during that period in Europe and America. New York had two in the last decade, in 1907 and 1909, more than 700 cases being recorded during the former year. In 1911, a non-epidemic year, the Rockefeller Institute observed 167 cases. Among the "monographs" of that institution, is one on poliomyelitis, published in 1912. The disease is constantly endemic in a city like New York. Like scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid, etc., poliomyelitis has its alternating periods of quiescence and activity. It has never been entirely stamped out.

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Its infectiousness is one of the most important elements in the situation. No certain cure has as yet been discovered. Once the disease is contracted, it has to run its course. All the physician's efforts must be spent in taking preventive measures. The infection is probably caused by a virus which penetrates through the nose and throat into the body, and indirectly brings about a deterioration of the nerve cells of the spinal cord and brain. This, in turn, causes the muscular paralysis from which poliomyelitis derives its popular name. This virus, it has been well established, is present in the nose and throat and respiratory organs of persons afflicted, and can then be expectorated or breathed out. Flies, bedding, clothing, anything that comes in contact with or near an infected person, may become a carrying agent.

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Unfortunately, the presence of the disease is hard to detect in its early stages, while the patient is still moving about and coming in contact with other people. The symptoms are not well defined, but often resemble those of typhoid. The diagnosis is difficult, especially as parents do not always realize that their children are ill at all. Thus the necessary precautions to prevent contagion can not always be taken. In fact, there are many "abortive" cases which do not develop into acute poliomyelitis at all, but recover without ever being detected. Such cases, like typhoid "carriers," may be centers of infection for a long time.

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Happily, physicians no longer have to depend entirely on symptoms. Several real tests, not invariably trustworthy, have been worked out. Examination of a suspect's blood and of his spinal fluid reveal cell conditions which, taken together with other symptoms, make it possible, especially during an epidemic like the present, to recognize a case with a good degree of certainty, even before the acute stage has been reached. Also the test by injection of spinal fluid from a suspect into the brain of a monkey will often establish the presence of an abortive case.

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There ought, therefore, by these new methods, to be no insuperable difficulty in detecting the disease and keeping it under control. The great requisite is to recognize the epidemic's seriousness and treat it exactly as cholera or yellow fever or diphtheria would be treated. The health department has outlined a system of quarantine which ought to be effective. The public, on its side, must help as much as possible. Parents should report all cases of sickness at once. Children should be kept away from all places where crowds assemble. No chances whatsoever should be taken. In prevention lies the community's safety, and there can be effective prevention only by early examination and isolation.

When all is done that can be, there need be no excessive alarm. Mortality in poliomyelitis ranges from 14 to 22 per cent. Several children's diseases take a greater toll of life. Of the survivors, a large percentage recover from the paralysis and regain the use of their muscles. Poliomyelitis has the terror of novelty, while tuberculosis continues its ravages without causing excitement.

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The duration of the present epidemic cannot be foretold. Records of previous visitations show a period of about four months, usually in the summer and fall. The New York epidemic of 1907 lasted from July to October, with a maximum virulence registered during September. It does not necessarily follow that the present plague will last as long as that. Proper steps taken by the authorities and the public may shorten the period. Infantile paralysis should be stamped out entirely. Nothing widely concerted effort to do it has ever been made heretofore. The disease should not be allowed merely to simmer down to a mildly endemic state, only to flare up again and cause havoc at some future date.

Stories of Street and Town

"No Censorship for Bull Run"

"WHAT'S all this row about censorship," Colonel Bush of Bull Run asked Curt Merrick this morning as he walked into The Journal office. "I have been talking to Ed Mylander, Nick Pierong, Gus Metzger, Jim Pangle, Walt Smith, Jack Johnson, Lee Leonhart, Ed James and Fred Schoenwald, and they're all fussed about it.

"You see I have been sent here to investigate censorship by the Bull Run Women's Uplift league, Mrs. P. being unable to go on account of making jell' and cannin' raspberries and loganberry juice.

"So the women sent me, and I have been having the time of my life certifying Billie Burke and May Robson, noting the effects of infantile paralysis, and seeing Theda the Vamp a-Vamping, and trying to penetrate the Mystery of the Iron Mask.

"It seems to me that the moving pictures are a wonderful institution. If I was a cunning phrase-maker, Teddy, I'd call them 'The People's University.' And isn't it the truth whenever any institution gets too real friendly to the people, like a newspaper, for example, some bunch of people want to horn in and regulate it? They worry a lot about the common people, they do. They up nights and worry about whether the hot pollo's babies have had a bath. Whether the common people's kids have brushed their teeth on rising and retirin'. Whether their paw drinks like a fish now that Oregon's dry as a mackerel, and whether their maw eats her ham-and with a knife.

"I see you have a new society in town, 'The Society to Extinguish Useless Cities.' They might start in with the Censor Board.

"I don't imagine that the common people would be corrupted if there were no censorship. It seems to me that the picture men themselves want censorship, because they pay. And it seems to me, too, that there's enough lyin' around loose for Jim Langguth and Chief Clark to land in captivity any fancy film with kinks more than seventeen feet long.

"Anyway I'm no little American. And I guess I'll stand up for the Declaration of Independence and the freedom of the press. And as far as Bull Run is concerned for the free use of the pictures."

Here is a little song entitled "Alone," written for the people who do things, but who never get them, and whom we are one:

I WANT a little farm to own,
Where I can go and live alone;
Of course, I'd want my wife to go,
And children, half a score or so.
To live alone, I'd want some friends
That I could use for social ends;
I'd want to be where neighbors are
Whom I could visit near and far.

I grow more weary every day
Of people standing in my way;
The city crowds make living tough
A half could go, and leave enough;
One's bliss is not so much in wealth
As love and joy and booming health
I'd gladly live on half my pelf
If I could only boss myself

I'd then be free to go or stay,
And not a soul could say me nay;
I'd live just where I want to be
With only those I want to see;
The rest, I'd find by telephone,
And that's the way I'd live alone;
Now, don't you think this scheme
Is very like your own pipe dream?
—W. Stowell Mills in Brooklyn Eagle.

This man should write a book, "Why Lie in Bed, When You Can Give the Sun a Merry Smile?"

From the Dayton News.

When the sun comes up, along about this time o' the year, you ought to be in it. Best time of the day! Best time to sleep, too, and that keeps many us from seeing the sun come up.

All the earth is fresh and sweet and dew-wet and still, except for the music of the birds. They're busy when the sun comes up, they've been busy for an hour, in fact. But most everything else is still and it's cool and shady because the shadows are so long—you feel that you are looking upon a world that's just been fashioned and turned loose.

It is different from all the rest of the day. When the sun goes down, earth is tired and dusty, and dark comes as relief from the toil. It grows soft and still as the sun goes and the shadows are long, like they are when the sun comes up, but it's different in the early morning from any other portion of the day.

Everything is clean—that's the big difference. The dust has settled during the night. The dew has bathed everything in sight. Even the sky is bright and rustless. The leaves of the trees turn their glossiest side toward you, it seems, and the grass fairly shines with the moisture upon it.

There are no harsh sounds, no jangling coloring of anything, no evidence of toil, no stains from the strife of long hours, no moaning sound to jar the nerves—just the clear, sweet sounds of reviving life, and the clear, sweet colors of the flowers, and the busy world rubbing its eyes and stretching itself and yawning good-naturedly out of the gladness of its heart to think that it has survived the night and is ready for another day of activities.

Ye Ed. calls upon the muse to Him in announcing the new arrival in the homes of his constituents.

(From the Seneca, Pa., Kicker.)

Bowling Green, Ohio, tells
Of a brand new SON
Born to George H. Ferringer,
Who think a prize they've won.
Bowling Green, O.

Venus has two lucky chaps:
W. H. Spangler's BOY
A 1916 model is
And sure to give them joy.
Venus.

While in the home of Arnold F.
And his good wife, we find
The sweetest little LASSIE that
You'd care to call to mind.
Venus.

J. A. Riley's cozy home
Is full of laughter sweet
Since baby Margaret Alice came
To make their joy complete.
Oil City.

Rex Lampman's little bungalow
Is full of music merry,
A baby's come to cheer him up,
A pippin, 'gosh all Harry.
Oak Grove.

It Doesn't Make Any Difference to What You Do, but Do Something

GIVE YOUR
VACATION TO
YOUR COUNTRY.
—Adv.

Or, to amend it for the benefit of political spellbinders: "Give Your Country a Vacation."

We Certainly Agree With This.

The Sedan Times-Star has advanced its subscription price to $1.50 a year. Weekly papers are rapidly coming to this price and endeavoring to put their subscription lists on a paying basis. This fellow who never pays his paper will soon be without a paper to read.—Osage (Okla.) Journal.